

Halo: Premonition

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Summary: The Covenant has located ancient forerunner warheads in what looks to be an underground facility beneath a forest planet. The Covenant plans to use those warheads to destroy planets faster without sending their army on ground. Aware of this plot, ONI sends a UNSC Phoenix Class Colony ship with a small team of Headhunters to locate the warheads first and destroy the Covenant fleet.

Halo: Premonition

This is my new Halo fanfiction. Please read it and evaluate it. You'll like it, I promise. I won't reveal the plot of the story just yet. But please, this might be my best fan fiction short story yet! New chapters will be added weekly. Share and Like if you liked this prologue. It's a long one, I know. Sorry!

****Halo: Premonition****

****By:****

****Emmanuel Ordaz****

Prologue only

_ "Even Among this collection of steadfast soldiers, there were a select_

_ few with a bond deeper than the others could ever begin to imagine, _

_ as these unique Spartan IIIs were a secret, even to their peers. " _

****Planet Portuna, Brunel System. 2549.****

****Three Years Before the Events of the Battle****

****of Installation 04.****

The massive weight of Ashley's Mark V armor began to feel less heavier with every step she took. Maybe it was because she was focusing on her surroundings more than she was focusing on her weight. This armor could kill anyone if it fell on top of them--_There's a reason why the Spartans' armor was named after Thor's hammer, MJOLNIR_. Her armor resembled that of Catherine-B320's only her color was black and she did not have a prosthetic arm.

Motion sensors are damaged, radio is broken, night vision is broken as well. Great. That's all I need. Stranded in the middle of nowhere with a broken helmet. So much for useful Helmet Mounted Displays. I could use some of that right about now. Come on Ashley, get a grip of yourself. You're a tough chum, you've been through a lot worse.

She was right; she was in the middle of nowhere. Upon entering the planet's atmosphere, her drop pod lost control in midair and crashed into her partner's drop pod, knocking each other off course. One landing further than the other.

Fucking drop landing. It's a busty pain in the ass when you land off coordinates. Then you have to do EXTRA work trying to find your partner while still being aware that the Covenant bastards could jump at you at any given moment AND then getting back on track.

Ashley cautiously strode down a long narrow dirt road that led deep into a swampy like forest in the midst of the melancholic night. With her HMD no longer visible due to her broken helmet, she was forced to heavily rely on her own peripheral vision, as well as her good hearing. When a soldier walks into unfamiliar territory, they must be extra cautious of their surroundings because they never know when, where, or how the enemy might attack. Especially if the bastards knew guerrilla tactics and used camouflage.

A Headhunter without a partner was like a headless chicken; a damn bloody mess with no sense of coordination. A headhunter needed its partner in order to survive and perform a task successfully like a chicken needs its head.

As she walked deeper into the forest, she noticed there was a large decaying tree trunk laying horizontally in the middle of the road. Damn road blocks. She placed both of her hands on top of the trunk and pushed herself up, left knee touching the surface first in a squatting position, followed by her right foot. She held her MA37 Assault Rifle firmly by her right shoulder as she squatted down again. She placed her left hand in the trunk and jumped down the opposite side from where she was. T_hat wasn't so hard now was it? Why do you always complain about the smallest things Ashley?_

Upon landing on the ground, her foot slipped forward on an unidentified strange artifact. _What's this?_ She knelt down with her right knee touching the ground. As she knelt down, she picked up the artifact and brought it to eye level in order to analyze it clearly. She moved it about between her index finger and thumb and finally, made a clear conclusion: it was a round bullet. A seven point sixty-two by fifty-one millimeter Full Metal Jacket Armor-Piercing.

_This type of round can only belong to a Designated Marksman Rifle.

Roy was carrying a DMR if I remember correctly. That means Roy is close. He can't be that far from me then._

"However, if Roy was engaged in a firefight, why am I not seeing traces of Kig-Yar blood? Or Sangheili blood? Let alone the bodies? Something isn't right." She whispered to herself as she looked at the ground. Footprints were engraved in the dirt.

Footprints. And they belong to Roy. As she followed the trail with her head, she noticed that the footprints led down the road she was taking. I'm coming for you Roy. Stay put.

She stood back up and faced the way the footprints led to. She held her MA37 Assault Rifle steadily between her right shoulder blade, her right index finger firmly resting on the trigger, she closed her eyes under her white visor, and took a deep breath. She stood there for three seconds, however it felt like eternity. _Here I go_. She opened her eyes and suddenly, without thinking twice about it, she sprinted towards oblivion; not knowing what was waiting for her or what to expect on the other side of that narrow dirt road, not caring about her surroundings. Her speed began increasing at a surprising rate, tears gushing down her pink cheeks, her throat now soar and her breath increasing heavily. Every muscle in her body seemed to work in harmony without hesitation as she ran for her and her partner's life.

When you make a quick and decisive choice, there is no turning back. Whether you go left or right, it no longer matters. There is no longer a right or wrong. Each path is a right, even if it truly was a wrong. At least you took action against your odds, and you became a hero. Regardless of the final outcome.

After sprinting like never before, she suddenly came upon a dead end. Now, she faced an enormous mountain dirt wall. She stood with her hands in her knees, trying to desperately catch her breath. This damn helmet isn't helping. She removed her helmet, only to reveal a beautiful coffee brown skin tone, upper cheek bones, a heart shaped face, a soft jaw line, a strong light brown cupid's bow shaped lips, gray colored eyes shaped like almonds, thin eyebrows, and a small thin nose. Her beautiful soft face seemed so delicate, that it was almost too perfect for a human.

A dirt wall. Okay, so I can climb this and get to the other side and hope to live. Let's do this.

She put her helmet back on, placed her weapon on her back, and began to climb. _Left foot in, right arm up, right foot in, left foot out, left arm up, right arm down. This isn't so bad. All those days training in Onyx finally paid off. Thank you ONI. I would like to like you, but you're all criminals in uniform._

She stretched her left arm out to the nearest tree branch and pulled herself up. Finally she managed to climb up without killing herself. In a decisive move, she moved to the nearest tree to her right and analyzed the area ahead of her with the Assault Rifle lined at eye level. It looked as if someone had cut trees and left an empty radius circle in the middle of a forest. As she moved forward, she slowly swung her rifle from left to right, making sure she covered her surroundings well enough.

Wait a minute. Is that water I hear? Can I possibly be next to a river? Well, a girl NEEDS to stay hydrated if she wants to look youthful. She sprinted out into the empty circle and into the large grass. The grass reached up to her chest. As she walked out of the grass, she came across a large river bed with fresh water. She knelt besides it and she took her helmet off. With her left hand, she raised some water towards her mouth and began drinking. This shall soothe me enough. Suddenly, she heard a noise coming from her left. It was like if someone had stepped on a large amounts of crispy leaves. Like a deer, she knelt frozen out in the open. As the steps grew louder, she made a break for the nearest largest rock to her right and hid behind it.

Okay, I've got company. As she knelt behind the rock, she listened tentatively to the screeching sounds of familiar voices. Jackals. _I've found you you little bastards_. She raised her MA37 Assault Rifle to eye level and turned to meet the backs of two Jackals without their shields. The bastards were enjoying themselves with fresh water. As she raised her weapon to open fire, she thought better of it and decided not to. _If I fire, I'll give away my position and they will most likely kill me, and Roy as well._ She brought out her knife from her chest piece and slowly crawled towards the Jackals. On her way, she picked up a large edgy piece of rock and held it with her left hand. She was just a few steps away from the closest Jackal who was now fixing his upper armor.

In a instant move, Ashley swung the rock towards his head and killed him. When he hit the ground, he made a loud, THUD and that alarmed the second Jackal who upon hearing the body hitting the ground, lifted his head up from the water. As he was about to make a loud cry, Ashley covered his mouth with her left hand and savagely stabbed the Jackal in the throat. As the blade penetrated deep through muscle and bone, purple blood squirted out like water squirts out through a tiny ripped hole in a water hose. Ashley gently placed the Jackal in the ground; it was like watching a baby sleep.

She went back behind the rock to pick up her weapon and headed off into the grass opposite of where she was before. As she sprinted across, she saw lamps hanging above tree branches. She hid low on the grass and examined what was twenty meters ahead of her and what appeared to be cages stacked together among crates. Some of the cages had bones, blood, and rotting meat. _Those bones don't look Human. Could it be that maybe that the Covenant stationed in this planet possibly be eating their own? Cannibalism I see. It wouldn't be a problem for me then. I prefer they eat their own than us._

Suddenly, far ahead of her, she heard what she though was a voice of a human, pleading for help. Roy? Is that you? It was. Without thinking, she ran past the cages and crates and into another pathway of grass. She lowered herself as she moved forward; her MA37 firmly by her shoulder ready to be fired. As she got closer to another open area, she finally met Roy, who was laying on the ground in the center of the open area. Roy was stripped off half his armor, bleeding from his stomach, nose, and mouth.

Ashley's stomach sunk deep. She could not believe what she saw. She lowered rifle and stood up.

"Roy!" She screamed.

Roy made a gesture with his head, signaling that he heard her.

"Ashley," he paused to catch his breath, "What are you doing here?" He whispered between breaths. Obviously, she did not hear him.

"Roy, don't worry. I'll get you out of here!" Ashley yelled. Without hesitating, she ran across the open area towards Roy. Only to hear Roy yell at her to stop.

Half way through, A needler had gone off out of nowhere and three rounds had pierced through Ashley's armor; one needle penetrating her right leg, one through her left chest, and one below the right rib cage. As she collapsed to the ground, her helmet came off and her eyes widened and her mouth opened. When she fell to the ground, she fell stomach facing down. Now weak, she slowly crawled towards her rifle. Forcing herself forward, blood oozed from her mouth.

When you make a quick and decisive choice, there is no turning back.

As she reached for her weapon with her right arm, she saw shadows everywhere around her.

Whether you go left or right, it no longer matters. There is no longer a right or wrong.

Suddenly, nine Zealots had removed their invisible shields and slowly surrounded her. All had their energy swords out.

Each path is a right, even if it truly was a wrong.

The leader of the Zealots, in golden armor, brought himself forward.

At least you took action against your odds.

He looked at Ashley right in the face. For a moment nothing happened. Ashley successfully tried to bring herself to her knees while taking breaths of despair.

and you became a hero.

As the Zealot leader met the eyes of Ashley, who was now hanging in the balance of life and death, growled at her. Without warning, Ashley's eyes met with the Zealot's large foot, and life turned into pitch black.

Regardless of the final outcome.

TO BE CONTINUED!

End
file.